

Starring Me and My Abuser

I found a box of our memories

And I felt like ripping my heart out.

But then I remembered,

You already did.

I felt my heart lurch in my chest

And then it dropped to my stomach.

I didn't want to feel it.

I didn't want to feel anything.

Why would I want to feel anything for my abuser?

Yet, why would I want to feel anything when I was the one who cheated?

But still, I felt the stabbing of an imaginary knife.

Over and over and over again.

Hitting me over and over and over again.

The abuse of a year and a half of toxic relations,

Over and over and over again.

The memories and flashbacks replay in my mind,

Over. And over. And over yet again.

Our relationship was a constant battle between two opposing forces,

Both committing crimes toward one another and acting as if they were the victim.

Because each of us had been the victim,

But we were also the perpetrators.

We caused each other so much pain and misery,

But it was only me.

I was the culprit.

I caused the pain, the suffering, the misery.

It was all ME, it was all MY fault.

I deserved to be hit, I deserved to be pushed,

-I- deserved to be knocked down.

But I always tried to justify what he did by blaming myself.

So he deserved to see the pain.

He deserved to witness the tears and the sobs as I ran to my car and away from him that day.

He deserved to watch me slip away quicker than I was slipping before.

Slipping away.

Slipping away from the situation.

Slipping away from the people.

Slipping away from the relationship.

From the love.

The love...

Was it really love?

If so, that is the greatest tragedy of a love story I have ever heard.

Starring me and my abuser.

Leaving the love of my life, or so I thought –

THAT was the greatest tragedy.

Long nights of crying and cowering in fear at the slightest of sounds.

Curling into a ball to forget the fact that he may come after me.

But I couldn't forget.

I was living in fear.

Constant fear, constant regret, constant sadness.

As the nights would drone on, I became more and more terrified.

More and more nostalgic.

Missing the person he used to be, missing the person I was.

Reflecting on the person I had become.

Then the sun would come up,

And brighter days were coming.

Who was I to let my failed relationship control me?

I was important.

I was worthy of life.

I did not deserve to feel bad for myself.

My tragic love story starring me and my ex-lover came to an end

And I finished the book feeling some closure.

I will be okay.

I will move on.

And I will live.